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A man of a noble blood, and well beloved in England, and hath been a great maintainer of all England, both rich & poor, yet now is found guilty of many a ſinful act and bloody crime, & therefore he is arraigned & condemn'd, & ſtands to the mercy of the Iury, & if any man have any thing to his charge, let them appear at the ſign of the three Loggerheads in Bacchus Court, and there they ſhall be heard by the two noble judges, Oliver & old Nick his holy father. Given under the hands & ſeals of theſe 2 above written, at the ſign of the three merry companions in Bedlam, that is to ſay, poor *Tom*, merry *Robin*, and *Iack Lackwit*.

Newly compoſed by a well wiſher to ſir *John*, and all that loves him.

By poor *Tom* for the King, a lover of mirth, but a hater of Traytors & Miſchief.

Thomas Robins the Author.

Printed for T. Paſſinger, at the three Bibles on the middle of London-bridge. 1675.

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By poor Tom for the King, a lover of mirth, but a hater of Traytors & Mischief.

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The Tune is, *Old Sir John Barly-corn*:
Or, *Tom of all Trades.*

ALL you that be good fellows,
come liſten unto me:
If that you keep the Ale-houſe
and merry company;
Attend unto my ſtory,
which is I fear too true:
It makes my heart full ſorry,
and many doth it rue.

'Tis of a Gallant noble Squire,
which many know full well,
An honeſt man I witneſs can,
if I the truth may tell:
His Name is Sir *John Barley-corn*,
which makes both Ale and Bread:
What ſhould all do which now are born,
if *Barley-corn* were dead?

For as I abroad did walk,
I heard a pitious cry,
And many a man did talk,
that *Barley-corn* muſt dig;

His enemies increase so fast,
at board and eke at bed,
I fear their malice will not cease,
till they cut off his head.
For Smug the honest Blacksmith,
doth make a piteous cry,
And *Nick* the nimble Taylor,
doth vow that he shall die:
And Will the Weaver doth complain,
with many Tradesmen more,
I hope their labour is in vain,
therefore they may give o're.
Yet now a little while give ear,
you that are standers by,
And you presently shall hear
Sir *John* condemn'd to dye.
All you that love poor Barley-corn,
a good word for him give,
And he that speaks against him,
I wish he may not live.

Gentlemen, if you please but to give so much attention, as to spare a little time, you shall presently hear Sir John Barley-Corn called to the Bar, and all his accusers appear, giving in their Wills against him: and also his friends which comes and gives Evidences on his side, and saves his life after he was Condemned to dye.

The

The arraigning and indicting of Sir JOHN BARLEY-CORN.

O Yes, O Yes, O Yes, if any Man or woman, in Country, Town, or City, have any ſuits or bills of indictments againſt Sir John Barley-corn, let them appear this day, and they ſhall either hear or be heard.

Vulcan the Black-ſmith appears, & gives in his bill. Be it known to you all Gentlemen, that this Sir john barley-corn hath been a ſore Enemy to me, and too many of my Fellows: for many a time when I have been buſie at my Work, not thinking any harm to any Man, but having a fiery ſpark in my throat I one time going over to the ſign of the Cup and Can for one Penny-worth of Ale, there I found Sir john: I thinking no Hurt to any Man, ſat me down to ſpend my honeſt

two-pence; but in the end Sir John began to pick a quarrel with me, and then I started up, thinking to go my way, but then Sir John had got me by the top of the head, that I had no power to help my self: and so by his strength and power he threw me down, broke my head, broke my face, and almost all my bones, that I was not able to work of three days, I was so sorely tormented in my head and other parts of my body; nay, more then this, he picht my purse, and left me never a penny, and therefore he doth deserve to die.

Will the Weaver. Now Gentlemen, I do beseech you to hear me speak; I am but a poor Man, and have a Wife and a Charge of children, and a poor Weaver by my trade, yet this inknowing Companion will never let me alone, but he is always inticing me from my Work, and will not be quiet till he hath got me to the Ale-house, and then he quarrels with me, and abuseth me most basely, and sometimes he binds me hand and foot, and throws me in the ditch, and there stays with me all Night, and the next Morning leaves me, but not with one Penny in my Pocket, and therefore if you hang him, I will never grieve.

The

The Taylor comes in. And I shall never grieve if you either hang him or head him: for I am sure he hath been a great Enemy to me these many years: for as I never loved him, I never cared for his Company: for I alwaies Loved Master Wheat far better then Barley: Yet one time as I was comming home from my Work, I espyed Sir John and two or three good Fellows was a quarreling, so I skipped amongst them, thinking to make them good Friends: but as soon as Sir John saw me take my neighbours part, he straightway began to quarrel with me, and gave me such a mump on the teeth, that I fell backward, and all to bewrapped me, broke both my Elbows, broke my Yard-wand: nay, worse then that: the very same day my Wife met with him, and he like an ill-conditioned Knave abused her, which made her learn so much mischief, that she comes home as drunk as she could not stand, and beats Back and sides: Nay, she has got the way so perfect, that I am perswaded she will never leave it: and therefore by my consent, you shall put him to the same Death that I have put many

many of my enemies too, and that is to snap off his head.

Mr. VVheatly. Head him, I hang him too, if you please, you shall have my consent: for I am sure he doth deserve it, for I am certain he doth daily and hourly abuse me. I am sure I have been a man that have been very highly esteemed both with Lords, Knights and with Squires, and none could please them so well, as James Wheatly the Baker, but now the case is altered, Sir john barley-corn is the man that is highly esteemed in every place: I am now plain James Wheatly, and he is Sir john barley at every Word: and that word hath undone many an honest man in England. For the company of Sir john barley-corn, I can prove it to be true, has caused many an honest man to waste and consume all that ever he hath, and more as he can get it: Nay, he has caused many a man to sell House and Land, and all that ever he can to maintain Sir john barley-corn: Nay, when men both done all that ever they can, sold all, spent all, and left nothing: yet the Fancy they bear to jack barley-corn, makes them to rob and steal for money for to

maintain themselves in his Company: Nay, rob and steal will not serve sometimes, but kill and slay, murdering one another for money to keep Sir john barley Company, till at the last the Hang-man gets a great part of them, and this Sir john Barley-corn is the grand Foundation of all this mischief, and therefore he deserves to lose his head.

Old Noll, and old Nick the judges.

Well, What answer can you make for your self Sir John: You hear the Complaints made against you: wherein you are found Guilty both of Fellony and Murther.

Sir john, I beseech you Gentlemen to let me have the benefit of the Law to Speak for my self, if it shall Please you to hear me, I hope that I shall clear my self. You do all know, Gentlemen, that every Man will strive to make his case as good as he can: although he himself be in the most Fault: And as the Old Proverb goes, Some had better steal a Sheep then some look over the hedge: And so it is by me in this Condition,

dition, nat as I am accused by one of these persons, but by them all, so I intend to make answer against them all, and Speak nothing but the Truth. These Men complains that Sir John Barley-corn hath undone them all, which is false, as I shall make it appear.

I confess my Name is Barley-corn, 'tis true: but you never knew Barley-Corn do any harm, if they do not abuse him, but always did good, and hath relieved as many poor, as any Man; and will do still, if they do not abuse me and my Name, as they have done before time, and doth still, and in a malicious way they take my right Name from me, and after much abuse takes my good name from me: and instead of calling me Sir John Barley-corn, they call me Master Malt, and so I come to be abused and falsely belyed all; for it is Master Malt that has done all this wrong, which they say I have done.

Mr. Malt. Who I, Brother John? indeed but that thou art my Brother, and I love thee well, I would hit thee one slap in the teeth; but no time past, thou and I shall meet again.

Gentlemen, As for my part I will put my

y matter to the Bench. First, I pray you
nswer with your selves, all Tradesmen
ould Live: and although I Master Malt
make sometimes a Cup of good Liquor,
d many men come to taste it, yet the
ault is neither in me nor in my Brother
ohn. No, no, the Fault is in such as these
hich make this complaint against us, as I
all make it appear to you all.

As in the first place, Which of you all
n say but Master Malt can make a Cup
good Liquor, with the help of a good
rewer: and when it is made it must be
d. I pray which of you all can Live with-
t it. I but when such men as these, which
mplains of us, and finds it to be good,
en they have such a greedy mind that they
ink they shall never have enough for their
oney, and so will over-runs wit, and then
ey begin to quarrel with me and my brother
ohn, till at the end we are forced to take
em by the top of the head, and lay them
own fast asleep, then I pray you judge whe-
er we or they be in the fault.

The Iudges. Truly we cannot see that
u are in the Fault: but as for Sir

John Barley-corn, we will shew you so much Favour, that you shall have three days to turn you in, to see if you can find Bail for your good Behaviour: and as for your Master Malt, you must bring in Bail to against the next Sessions: and so Farewel for this time.

Now Sir John Barley-corn and his Brother Malt is marching together, & for joy that they got so fairly off, they went singing this Song.

The Tune is, Sir John Barley-corn.

ALL you that be good fellows,
come listen unto me,
If that you love the Ale-house,
and merry company.

My name is Sir John Barley-corn,
which many know full well,
My brothers name is master Mault,
as many one can tell.

Though Smug the honest Blacksmith,
on me doth sore complain:

E're

Ere long I know I shall not miss,
to shoot him through the brain.

And honest Will the Weaver
for all he is so stout,
I know he'l do his deaver
to have the other bout.

And Nick the nimble Taylor,
will venture his best shears,
Till Barley-corn and Master *Malt*
do take him by the ears.

Though Master Wheat the Baker
he be my younger brother,
He'l not deny a bout to try
with me or any other.

There's not a Tradesman in this Land,
that ever yet was born,
But will take a touch, sometimes too much
of Sir *John Barley-corn*.

Therefore all honest Tradesmen,
a good word for me give,
And pray that *Sir John Barley-corn*,
may always with you live.

Master Malt. I, but hear you brother John, now you put me in mind, you know you are to appear again to make answer for your self; therefore I would have you to provide some honest man to speak for you, else you will be in great danger to lose your head, and then we are all undone. O brother Malt, take you no care for me: for as for my part I do not fear but I shall have know to speak for me: therefore welcome luck. Live or dye, I fear nothing, and so farewel for this time: for I think I hear them call John Barley-corn.

I am here, I am here, I am here. What is the man mad?

The Judges. Sir John Barley-corn, appear, and answer to what is here laid unto your charge. Here you stand arraigned and condemned to lose your head. A very sharp piece of business Gentlemen: truly, I am afraid that it will overlay my stomach: I hope Gentlemen you will take a part with me, or at the least hear my witnesses speak: for I am falsly accused.

The judges. Thou shalt have any favour that can be had. therefore bring in thy Evidence, and let us hear what they can say in thy behalf.

The

The Plowman enters.

Gentleman, I pray may a Man speak without offence, that doth intend to speak nothing but the truth, and no more?

The Judges. Yes, thou mayst be bold to speak the very truth and no more: for that is the cause we sit here for: therefore speak boldly that we may understand thee.

The Plowman. Gentlemen, in the first place let me hear what bold, impudent Rogue dare speak one Word against Sir John Barley-corn? who ever he is, he is no better then a Rogue, a Thief, a Vagabond, a Traytor to the Brown Loaf, a Thief to the Brass Pot, the Oven, and the Spit: Nay, he is a Traytor to the whole World, that would take away the life of so noble a man as Sir John Barley-corn: For he is a man of an antient House, and is come of a Royal Race; There is neither Lord, Knight, nor Squire, but they Love his company, and he theirs: so long as they do not abuse him, he will abuse no Man, but do a great deal of Good, I can make it appear in many kind of Ways: And in the first place: Few Plow-men can Live without him: For if it were not for him

we could not pay our Land-Lords their Rents: and then I pray what would such men as you do for money and cloaths: nay, your gay Ladies would care but little for you, if you had not your Rents comming in to maintain them: and we could never pay you, but that Sir John Barley-corn feeds us with money, and yet would you seek to take his Life; For shame let your malice cease, and pardon his Life, or else we are all undone.

Enter in Bunch the Brewer.

Gentlemen, I beseech you hear me speak, my name is Bunch a Brewer, and I do believe few of you can Live without a cup of good Liquor, no more can I tell how to Live without the help of Sir John Barley-Corn; As for my own part, I maintain a great charge, and keep a great many men at work, I pay Taxes, forty pound a year to the King, God bless him, and all this is maintained by the help of Sir John: then how can any man for shame seek to take his Life?

Enter in Mistris Hostiss.

Take his Life, I pray who is that which they

they would take his Life? It is Sir John Barley-corn, Pittrels Pottels, they say they would take off his head? How, take off his head! then they shall take off mine too: what impudent Rogues be they that say so? I am perswaded that they be none that loveth the poor Commonalty: surely they be none but some miserable Rogues that makes their Bags their God, heaping up their chests with Money to stop the Devils Mouth when he comes to fetch them away; such as these would have no body to Live but themselves. Indeed such as these do not care to take off the head of any man, if they could but inrich themselves by it: away vagabonds, away you blood-sucking rogues, away you muckworms of the World, you would have no body Live but your selves, I hope Sir John will yet stay amongst us, when Old Nick will fetch such as you away by ten at a burthen. Gentlemen, I do beseech you not to take notice what such Fellows says, for they care not what blood they shed: As for Sir John, I know him to be an honest man, and never abused any man, if they abuse not him: First, in so doing they abuse themselves, for all they say he abuses them, I do protest to you Gentlemen, before you take his life, you shall take

mine, nay, I beſeech you give me leave to ſpeak to you; if you put him to Death, all England is undone: for there is not ſuch another in the Land that can do as he can do, and hath done; For he can make a Triple to go, he can make a Coward to fight with a good Souldier; Nay, he can make a good Souldier to feel neither hunger nor cold; and beſides, for Valour in himſelf, there is few can encounter with him, for he can pull down the ſtrongeſt man in the World, and lay him faſt aſleep, therefore I beſeech you Gentlemen, let him Live, or elſe we are all undone.

Enter in Exciſeman.

Gentlemen, all this is true which the woman ſpeaks; for if you put Sir Iohn Barley-corn to death I and my Family are all undone; for I pay a great Rent for my farm, and I have a great many Servants under me, which lies me in great charges, and if you put Sir Iohn to Death I and mine are all undone, and therefore I pray let him Live if you love the Common-wealth.

The Iudges.

Well, we see no cause of Death in this man, therefore he shall not Dye ; Sir Iohn your life is pardoned, henceforth and for evermore; therefore down on thy knees and pray for King *Charles* the second: I will sir, and a curse on his heart that will not say *Amen* to our prayer.

Sir

Sir *Iohn's* prayer.

O Heavens protect our Gracious King, his Royal Queen also, Lord grant them long time to be seen in spight of cruel foes, from Traytors bold that seek the King and Queen for to destroy, defend them Lord with one accord unto their subjects joy; that while the Sun and Moon doth last, we may enjoy a King, and when death doth come, provide them a room, with Angels for to sing. And he or she, what ere you be, that will not say Amen, sir *Iohn* doth pray, both night and day, you may never speak again.

VVritten by *Tho. Robins.*

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